

Novembro 22

While the fat little Padre is wheedling, threatening, and coddling his flock or various members of it into giving us the ~~mat~~ horses they promised yesterday for the six hours we have between here and Crissiuma, I take my Corona in hand---- They are afraid of rain here and as it was letting down buckets last night as well as at the hour of our departure 5 am, our horse owners naturally left the business to take its own course and we had no horses. Now the next hour is spent in convincing them that we really intend to go,,, "modo militar" it is called.

Yesterday was a barrbarridade. We treated 318 of the sickest people I ~~shax~~ have yet ~~in~~ seen, men looking as if they had had mortal hemorrhages-- weak and stupid they were and took a long time to answer any question that was put to them. Children it seemed by the hundred thousand. Gosh what a day! There is genuine danger with people like that --- the oil of chenopodium may poison themseverly and I was damned uneasy for the whole of the afternoon, waiting to be called to haul some kid out of convulsions, or the like. But today all is well and I seem to meet nobody who is ready for me with the long cooling knife. Graces a Deus.

In the town of Ararangua there is not a street. It is one vast level lawn 30 kilometers along the river bank. Little box like casas at great distances from eachother, with a few trees, and shining beautifully clean in the early morning light. There is a big horseshoe of blue mountains and a wide deep river running to the west of the town. I have been down to swim each day early-- there are few sensations so pleasant as swimming alone at dawn-- I ahev had but little of it since the days at Saranac lake.

There is no reason for doing anything in the world here. The natives just live and live. If it were not for their peculiar sad streak and their hookworm they would sing. The women are all sad-- but they do not know it.... I think they dont,,, but perhaps you dont have to know it.

It is the first time this municipio has had a doctor for a long time, and I have had countless wrecks brought to me to cure. Christ must have had an easy time-- it is harder to cure the in-





incurables by the modern methods. The stethoscope gives a prestige that the results of treatment will prove to be ill-founded.

But still, the hookworm side of my trade pays splendidly for I know that it is worth while, and even the tratados wax enthusiastic and claim to feel like dancing for the first time!

We could have quite a baile

sometime here for 80% to 90% have H\*.







Banana  
Christmas 1911









November 30 1919

Like a desert, wherein no single sound, nor smell, nor color preeminently claims attention, my world of this evening seems limitless and full, with that inarticulate fulness which without any natural emphasis is really perfect emptiness, with that wandering of notes unstressed which is no more than any gentle humming monotone. I have been reading the journals of September and early August and some of October: not as yet ancient history for I do not see the papers here, and I still have to read of the prophecies that long since have been fulfilled or else have given the prophets an hours chagrin or an easy alibi. The European news is depressing... "an ant-hill kicked to pieces by a fool". And vastly more than this. The Bullitt report of doings in the Peace Conference makes me more of an alien than ever to those who have had the direction of affairs: the deep chested men, whose clothing I used to cut off to their uncontrollable groans to find fine white bodies all purple and trembling-- these men were immeasurably "sold" by those in authority. Thank God I am not in apron strings this Christmas to be led to church to hear some preacher wriggle and maggot over 'Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men' ! I can get drunk or give a hundred treatments for Hookworm-- and enjoy an honest form of self-deception thus. But imagine Eleanor, the suffering, and worse than this the despair of anything better, and the sense of being sold. Normally I am no penny dreadful, but I have no sponge of cheer to soak up all this agony. I do not read the papers because they are false much of the time intentionally... but I have seen physical suffering enough to know what goes on in Europe, and I have talked to enough working men everywhere to know that their side is never given honestly, and to know the bitter stupid revengefulness that keeps on growing-- and the ghastly lack of any kindly justice to curb it all.

It is the custom at home as I remember it, to think of moods in terms of blood-pressure, or digestion; to call sorrow 'depress



ion' and to assume that the calm Ladies-Home- Journal optimism is the only normal state of being. But do you not have honest healthy days when despite a balance in the bank (or even an agreement with the bank and your own check book), despite a good sleep and a good job done during the day, you could weep for the world in its loneliness and its sorrow--- and still feel sane? For me there is no question about it, and thus I cannot honor that monotonously sanguine cult for their worship of Good Cheer. It would be a better cure to have somebody weep on one's shoulder and try to console them out of the poverty of smiles than out of satiety of them.

We have finished the southern part of the State and tomorrow start at Biguassu, soon turning northward for the work of December. The job goes well now, a row among the men has blown into clear weather again and they have just asked permission for a day off on 'Natal' which is Christmas! Not strange though to ask for it is no such day as we have at home-- and not usually much of a party here. We certainly will have a day off on Natal. The chief benefit that I got out of the row was Bonini's definition of "Character". Here it is synonymous with Amour Propre-- a pleasant and penetrating comment on the amount of discipline here employed! "Mr Freud in Santa Catherina" is another book my publishers will have to refuse someday-- it is lovely to be in a country almost without repressions, after spending so much of one's young life in one where the barbed wire was almost discouragingly plentiful.

As ever



January 14 1920

*Florianapolis.*

Dear F. L. H.:

The western mountains are bright misty & blue, the bay is rough with warm brown waves and tip-ups, the afternoon summer sun of five thirty is blazing in at the window of my room here on the third floor of the Hotel Metropole, and I am <sup>a</sup> much as Adam considered chic, in the warm strong and refreshing breeze, with my time quite my own. It is a three day rest between surveys and I am in a civilized hotel with a lot of Americans, good food and a novel of Gertrude Abherton lying on my rather crumpled-sheeted bed. Luxury in a word -- and depois d'amanha off we go again, this time to Lages in the mountains where there will be more of the wilds and the Western frontier element.

There's been a pleasant flavor about the last few days for the reason of being around with a bird named Bennett Reo Bennett a onetime reporter on the New York World, and a typical rover and raiser of the devil. Not in the roisterers sense but journalistically. He was the man that found there was a group of patriots busy buying the rights of the old French company in Panama for 3 million and getting ready to sell the same to the U.S. government for 40 million, and he took such thorough joy in showing the scheme up and just who was in it (Roosevelts brother-in-law) for example) that T.R. x sued the World for libel..... but was glad to have the suit declared unconstitutional a year or so after-- and Bennett was given the honor of a place on the Trade Commission to Brazil --- which he has found an exceedingly profitable country to live in, being completely sick of the essence of New York and journalism. He is keen and amusing and I have a time with him every evening. We have variety here in this hotel--- we have a miserable black-toothed little skinny Brazilian whose chief claim to distinction is that he has spent a year and a half in the Tower of London, for being the paramour of the famous lady who stole the plans of the British tanks and got



them to Germany. She was shot. He, being a Brazilian diplomatic attache was told never to risk his life on British soil again and so the world is somewhat smaller than it used to be for him. We have a gang of the General Electric Company here making a survey that will result in a street-railway in this funny little Capital. The boss of that gang I heard the first night I was here say in the loud voice of his kind, "But let me tell you the best fish in the world are the trout on the Denver and Rio Grande between Pueblo and Grand Junction"!

We have the Governor's one eyed and black-haired son with his appallingly blond Danish wife. She can talk Danish German and English, he Portuguese french and English. They are confined to a language they neither can talk nor write with ease or even correctly! It is funny to hear them.

And besides that we have the daily parade out in front of the Palacio of all the office-seekers in Brazil and all the grafters and all the people with an axe bulging out of their pockets-- so ingenuously waiting upon the all powerful Governor that it is almost opera-bouffe Government. Government while wait. The Conjuror says "Look at the dicky-bird"! (that is the beneficent Rockafell' Foodaish sometimes) and evrybody looks, and the Governor makes a quick signature with the other hand and somefeller goes away from the Palacio so happy he has to get right out of town before he tells too many people. Tomorrow I am Somefeller instead of Refeller and I want to get the Gov. to give me an automobile in to Lages, and he is going to say "Look at the lulu bird!" and everybody will look and then I'll get a requisition for an automobile. That is called Governmental Cooperation in my Report-- but it treats m about 150 poor devils that wouldnt gettreated otherwise, and what wont a mother sacrifice for her young? Heh?

The poetic thought came to me this A.M. that St. Patrick has nothing very much on me. I am casting 'em out of a country a good deal bigger than Ireland! Nossa Senhora olha as cobras!



It is true that definitions are always in terms of something else. Lots of times the Flying Corps lads used to say that entering a cloud-bank at say 6000 feet and after shooting along for half an hour seeing nothing to steer by, they'd flash out into the sunshine.... to find themselves upside-down and the earth far far above them, where the blue had been. That is what it is like to come out of the wilds here suddenly and try and find out where you're at and where the world has slid to.

Today is a perfectly clear cool day, a perfectly blue day and the bay over to the Mountains to the West, is a soft ripply yellow green. So lovely a place that it must needs be the last port of call and glimpse of God's green earth for many a 49er on the way to Cape Horn, and whatever that meant. And a great place for pirates in the days gone by. And a few Perkinses and Taylors on the north of the island spell whaling vessels from New England too. I sound like the Henty Books, but here somehow it is not so hard to believe in them. For instance one gets used to the caboclos taking off their sheath knife as a sign of courtesy as they enter a house. Dulled to the ceremony one stays alive to the possibilities implied.

Yesterday I had the most delightfully clarifying idea. I've always been puzzled because I have always wanted to do more things than I really wanted to do. If I made a list I always fell behind it, or came in like a poor track athlete, completely sickened and exhausted by the technical victory. Then besides doing one thing with a whole heart makes that one thing change under your very hand to something different and bigger. Remarkable contrast! Yesterday it suddenly came to me that the desire to take some exercise for example or to write, or do some accounts were not ambitions vastly bigger than the energy to do them. Quite the reverse is true: the wishes are enormous but they can only poke concrete little suggestions up through the crust into our attentions. The thing is like a chick hatching--- the persistent little beak of the wish suggests a definite act and



thus only can crack through the shell . THE THING TO DO is to assist, voluntarily pick a bigger hole in the shell and then no wonder the deed grows as you go on with it. Last night I just barely wanted to take a walk, and instead of saying " Oh thunder I dont want to take a walk"! I sort of tore open the resistance, reserve, repression or whatever it is, and basking in the much bigger desire for exercise that lay below, took a magnificent and totally contented hour's walk along the starlit beach. That's an 'epoch- making' discovery... and the crazy desperate part of it is that it is no more communicable to you or anyone than the experience of swimming or fire or anything like that. And yet a wild anxiety to talk it over!

I am swirling about in a gang of Americans here, having a time before I go into the woods again. Last night I talked with a fat porcine American woman who reminded me of Mrs A. who has lived here for 8 years and knows the natives well . She has eyes like Bismarck's and yet with all her enormous eating and driving power quite a lovable creature and the years here have removed all conversational bands. Not exactly with the light touch but she conveys sincerity and honesty and kindheartedness. The marriage customs among the natives here are pretty sketchy: there being an excess of fidelity over ceremony. Mrs Bennett spends endless hot days there on the fazenda making wedding dresses that hang from the shoulders-- the next week to slave with more justifiable haste to line the cradle. She told me---we were talking of spiritualism-- how she and her maid were awakened at night after one of these <sup>dress making</sup> parties, by a figure in the room swooping to pick up the dress and kiss it. " Probably the girl's mother who died last year-- you know, mighta been grateful-- never kin tell" she said uneasily. They both saw the figure. (Hyslopover)



"Engoliou ? Engoliou?" (Did you swallow it? Did you swallow it?) these loud questions my guarda or man-nurse shouts to a small pallid boy who is struggling with a capsule-- trying to get it down safely. We are in the spacious committee room of the local city hall and queer old Portuguese look down from the walls at the procedure( the town began in 1794) rather amazed would the origin als be to see the mal de terra actually being cured. For here in Brazil the pallor and weakness and misery of hookworm disease is taken with a shrug of the shoulders and a great deal of well expressed horror--- but not much else.

I am on the job of finding out the extent of infection in a region here in a region about the size of the state of Colorado and half of New Mexico-- travelling these last six months constantly, stopping only a week in each place and then after about five to eight hundred people have been examined clearing out for another place. Naturally the experience has shown me a good deal I never thought of before, and in this sort of a job meeting usually with the boa vontade of the people I am in a position to see and be told things that an ordinary stranger doesnt get to see. After this survey is through with we shall establish posts for the intensive treatment of the infected in the worst places, and by treating the people to a cure show them what they could be having in the way of health, and with this extraordinary lever inculcate the primary ideas of sanitation into them. The curious thing about it really is that the scheme works--- they are profitting by it and adopting slowly the ideas of hygiene. And when you reflect that it was only in 1859 that the courts of Parliament in London had to close during the summer so horrible was the stench from the Thames from poorly disposed waste, or that the connection of sewres with the municipal drains of Paris was prohibited by law up till 1880---- perhaps the beginnings of sanitation here do not seem so insignificant.

But omitting for the moment this general subject, which



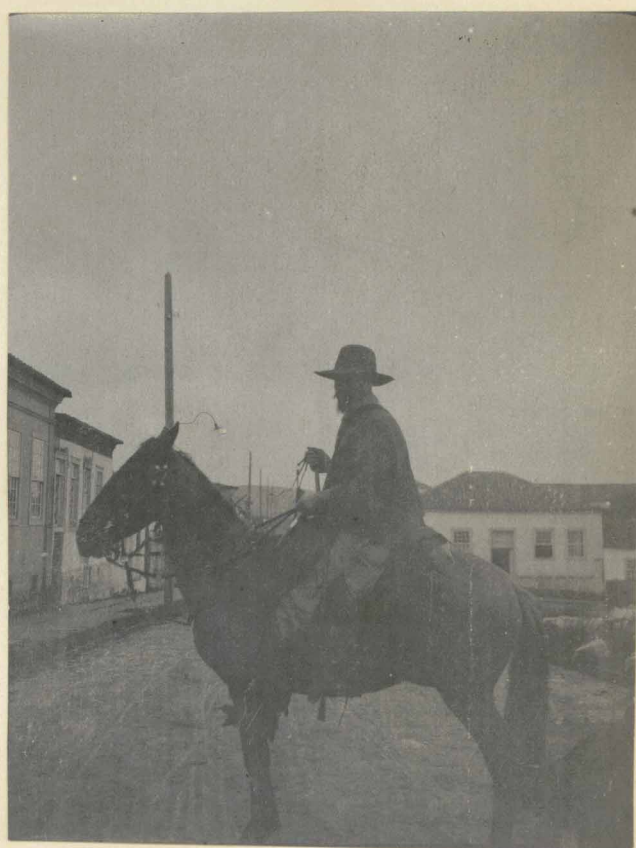
takes much of the time of my day-- perhaps you'd be amused to read of other things less technical and more amusing.

Brazil is a mediaeval country with the constitution of the U.S.(practically) shoved down over it like a silk hat upon the head of a Roman plebe. It gives rise to incongruities --- especially when the transportation is still so ineffective that one region differs enormously from the other in almost every way. The Brazilian is one of the most easily governed men in my experience. In an enormous jam of people in Rio you can always move easily by say "Com licenca!"-- and they always give way. They cannot resist persistent and gentle pressure-- it wearsa them out completely! They never will refuse anything done slowly and quietly. My employees when I give them a choice as to where they would like to work look quite pained and one began gently to tell my the custom in Brazil was that the obligation of the employee was to do whatsoever the parao wished --- and not to choose his service at all! Imagine being lectured in a modern state on the obligations of the employee! But easy as these people are to lead like children, they have had no experience and with their system of family life and schools never get the chance to know the technique of government of others. Governments here are strong on just the same principle that little boys armies keep their unity--- many titles and everybody happy--yes, a touch of impersonal 'good of the service' and the opposition feels a sudden accession of strngth and you are back where you were if not even furrher back.

Looking back upon the U.S. at this distance our national interest no longer seems to be liberty-- more it is production that we care about. The men who menace liberty are excused if they are producers. Here Liberty still flourishes and I have never seen so high a per cent of people who can and do do just what they like. And incidentalyy a production do desperately inconvenienced by that same Freedom.

But to leave generalities. Huges is in the high rolling







planalto on the other side of the coast range from the low hot coast line. It is midsummer but deliciously cool here. Frost fell last month and in the winter they have it around ten above our zero with snow. The lands are enormous and the life is all cattle raising. Horsemen in big and beautiful woolen pallas or ponchos, high loose leather boots, splendid horses and with a silver dagger if not a Colt revolver tucked a wee bit out of sight. Rare women, rarer ladies. Coming in we passed a huge herd of beeves being driven to market-- thousands of them, the cowboys in huge hats chaps and leather lasso. The screaming part of this Wild West is that they will ride leagues and leagues to see and enjoy an American Far Ooest film. They think that Tom M,x and Dustin Farnum are simply gods-- and like many another thing in this here world the admiring audience is more nearly the real thing than the actors. It would be more than they could bear to think that these films (and the moving pictures from America are worth more than our entire diplomatic corps and all the fool trade commissions in the world for the purpose of an entente cordial between the U.S. and Brazil) twould be unbearable to think that in the Far West we no longer have plunging bronchos and flaxen haired schoolteachers and desperadoes etc etc. But here I passed a bunch of horsethieves and twould take some little making up to look their equals I can assure you. Lving under lean-to tents with their Guarany or Botucudo half breed women; and horses! I should say so, scattered all around in the beautiful grassy plain where they were camped.

The per cent of infection here will not be over 13% where on the other side of the mountains down on the lovely palmy tropical littoral we have seen no place that had less than 88%. Several 96 and above. And very very sick people.

The practice of a similar form of belief to Christian science is very common here. The Curandheiros or benzoadors can manage a disease very well at a distance, and the Catholic priests are not far behind. A curandheiro cures but a benzoador



or blesser can avoid such things as the evil eye, cattle pests flights of grasshoppers and frost. I know a priest who sold little calico flags at five mil a piece-- value here about \$5-- to keep the grasshoppers off. They did not work very well-- but he said he had splendid silk flags at 50 mil that would work wonders! This being more money than a caboclo sees ever at one time-- naturally it could not be denied that these big flags are good. I know an intelligent American women-- even as the Eddy followers are intelligent-- who here employs a blesser for her ranch and believes in him. She has seen the cockroaches in droves swept out of the house after his prayers and she is no questioner of HOW it is done--- she wants the results. Instead of people being angry at such stupidity twould be better for medicine to learn what happens and simply show if possible that with a phsical cause it works better to have a ~~phaisai~~ physical remedy. Instead of flying into a passion with the people who have found spiritismo to work as well as anything else. For if we are right the thing to do is to prove it.

